THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS

BABY IN HEAVEN.

When Day has burden of toil and care
Has laid at the golden gate of the west,
And the purpling haze fill the air,
And the bird and the bee have gone to rest—
I wonder then, 'mid the tender light,
Who's taking care of baby to-night?

If somewhere above, in the far-off sky,
Is the home where the holy stars to-night,
As I watch the sphere of light on high,
I wonder when rays of golden light
Fall on that unknown dwelling where
Liveth my baby, Golden-hair.

Whose is the voice that lovingly
Tells what her questioning soul would know?
Whose is the hand that tenderly
Leads her where fairness blossoms blow?
In that happy land, so fair, so bright,
Who's taking care of baby to-night?

O soul of mine, couldst thou only know
What she has learned since she went away!
Wonders more great Heaven can show
Than have met the light of an earthly day;
The new, new song, the Glorious Name,
The harp, the crown, and the sea-like flame!

I wonder if, when the burst of song
From Heavenly choirs first met her ear,
And she saw the countless, white-robed throng,
She thought of the love of her mother here;
Or if, in her fearless innocence,
She met the gaze of Omnipotence.

She went in the spring-time away from me;
And oft, as the skies bring the fair spring-time,
I long for the hour when I shall see
That happier land, that perfect clime,
Where these weary arms shall fold once more
My golden-haired one as in years of yore.

—*George L. Heath, in Youth's Companion.*

COSTLY MALE ATTIRE.

Some of the Expenses of a Possible Dude.

About this time of the year the frivolous young man rests his head upon his hands and wonders what he ought to wear, where he can get it and what it will cost. He has perhaps invested sixty-five dollars in a suit of clothes, and feels that, as far as the fit of his coat and the cut of his trousers are concerned, he need fear to look no man in the face. But still he is passed every day by other young men whose gorgeousness rests heavily upon his heart. What it is he can not tell. They have not paid more for that hat than he did; his cost eight dollars, and that is the top price. Nor are they better looking, nor taller, nor have they handsomer legs. In spite of all, however, they have reached a degree of perfection which the young man feels that he can not reach. The flower in their buttonhole seems at home there; their collar seems made by an artist, and the splendor of their yellow gaiters escapes comment, so well does it correspond with the splendor of their gloves and trousers, cravat and cane.

If the young man thinks long enough and is bright he will arrive at the conclusion that the other young man owes his superiority to these very things—the gaiters, cravat, etc.—and the young man will be right, for these things are the trimmings. They lift one youth above the other, as the little slices of carrot, bits of raw potato and delicate carving of the rind which decorate the ham ministered to by a French cook render it superior to its plain boiled brother, although they may have been mates roaming the same pen.

The representative store in the city is on Broadway, not far from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and near enough to Delmonico's to be easily reached in bad weather. Startling socks and blinding cravats hang in rows in the windows, with here and there a pink dressing-gown to tone down the gorgeousness. As you enter you are met and beamed upon by a young man who combines all the most startling points of the show windows, the cravat of a frenzied red, the ear-rasping collar, and the blue silk vest. One glance convinces you that to remove his shoes would reveal a wealth of blue silk socks, with lillies of the valley embroidered upon them. You ask for a handkerchief or three collars, and your modest order is filled with deference and a pleasure that seems very sincere. The bundle is done up, and the young man begins bowing you to the door. This makes you say: "Dear, dear, this young man could not work in my store; he has no enterprise." But you do not yet know the young man. His are not the vulgar methods of the every-day clerk, who tumbles over a pile of goods and rattles off: "Socks, shirts, underwear? Anything else I can do for you?"

The young man is an artist, and he waits for an opening. It comes when your eye falls upon silk underwear marked "eighty dollars a suit," and you strangle and cough. An expression of deep pain settles on the young man's face. He taps his silk vest delicately, murmurs tearfully: "Weak chest, dangerous weather, dress suit, sure death," and pulls down a fancy box. Packed away in it are queer things made of quilted satin, and resembling very large chest protectors. The artist takes one out, straps it around his neck, and, while you stand fascinated, explains how admirably it would protect your lungs while wearing a dress suit, and how it would preserve your shirt bosom from dirt. If your eyes do not express admiration, his words change from loudest praise to biting criticism.

"You do not like it, of course," he says, "nor do I, to be frank. Most unpleasant to advertise the weakness of one's lungs to the world, and apt to act as a damper upon the ardor of one's fiancee. But kindly look at this."

And then he drags down another box, and arrays himself in a garment queerer than the chest protectors. It is a vest, cut as all vests usually are, except that it is wonderfully high in the neck, and is nearly all "back," the only substantial part of it being a piece of flannel, oval in shape, meant to cover and protect the lungs also. That, the artist explains, is to be put under your dress shirt, and saves your lungs without in any way undermining the affections of your loved one.

Near to the chest protector is a box, also very good, with a lining made of paper which looks very much like lace. The salesman pulls from it a handkerchief, unfolds it as tenderly as though it were his last one, and begs of you to look at it, as the light shines through it. You observe that you can see about as well as though the handkerchief were not before your eyes, and that the threds that cross each other with surprising regularity suggest the threads in a cobweb. This makes you think the handkerchiefs are probably very fine ones, and that $9.30, the price you paid for your fine handkerchiefs, would probably not buy you a dozen of these. But nothing in the plain piece of linen, with no ornament but a hemstitch border, prepares you for the staggering remark by the young man. His face lights up with joy at the bargain he is offering you, and he says: "Those beautiful hand-woven handkerchiefs are only sixty dollars a dozen. Please look at them as the light shines through them once more."

You do so this time with much reverence, and ask, in an off-hand way, what nose requires such pampering. Many noses, the clerk will tell you; among them that of Mr. Whitney, the Secretary of the Navy, who knows a good thing when he sees it, but who is sometimes satisfied with goods as low as forty-eight or fifty dollars a dozen. Some of their best customers would not condescend to take up any such bargain, and would fail to be suited in the store, which just happens to be out of the very finest grade of linen. This grade, with a modest profit attached, costs one hundred dollars for a dozen handkerchiefs, or more if a monogram is desired. You sternly refuse to invest in a dozen of the bargains, even to present to a friend, and then the young man, rather more cheerfully than before, leads you with delicacy and grace to the rear end of the store, and arrays himself in a garment which he calls a wrapper, and which seems to have been made of a slice of rainbow, cut off when the rainbow was in a particularly high-colored state. The main color is a delirious sky blue, with flowers of all the colors you ever saw blossoming on it, and vines of an aesthetic assortment of tints that balk the imagination. The young man explains that the gentleman who has just laid it down is one of a family of German bankers. He wanted a present for a lady, and wanted something a trifle richer. The price of that work of art was only ninety dollars, and it would soften the heart of any living female. You explain that ninety dollars invested in strawberry and vanilla mix[illegible] would beat any wrapper in the opinion of your girl, and the young man, concluding that you are sordid, turns wearily away and pulls down a pair of cotton socks. At last you feel at home. Here is a cheap avenue of escape; you will buy all the cotton socks in the store and get away without wounding the young man. But in the midst of your happy thought your blood is chilled by the request to look at those socks as the light shines through them. You know what that means, and, sick at heart, you inquire "How much" without caring whether the light shines through or not. "Only thirty-two dollars a dozen," the young man says; "absolutely the finest thing made in the world," and he calls your attention to the fact that with a pair of the socks in your right hand and a piece of tissue paper in the left hand you can not tell the right hand from the left. No silk sock could be woven as fine as that, and many gentlemen will wear nothing else. Their feet are so small that the size of their shoes renders such socks necessary.

"Certainly, if you prefer a silk sock, you can have it," and the young man hauls out endless pairs, each a dream of loveliness, from the rather inferior article at three dollars a pair, which he could, of course, not recommend, to an article that you will find serviceable and satisfactory at seventy-two dollars a dozen.

If you escape the silk sock snare you are dazzled with a series of snowy white shirt bosoms of wonderful patterns; some curiously embroidered, which you are confidentially warned against wearing; others with little linen knobs sticking out all over them, to imitate the fashion of rough goods for ladies, and others in the good old styles that you have been used to. Then comes the ordeal of gazing on what seems about one million cravats, every one different: as many scarf-pins, and twice as many collars and cuffs. Everything is from London or Paris, with all sorts of coats of arms stamped over foreign names. Roaring beasts prowl around, uttering the sentiment "Honi soit qui mal y pense," which is a thrust at any one who may not approve of their actions; and the statement, "Ich dien," is always to be found near the lions, with three little feathers backing it up, the young man tells you that "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is the ma of "Ich dien," and that both wear just such gloves as he is offering you. Under these circumstances you knuckle down, invest a week's fun in a pair of gloves, with three small mounds of black thread on the back of each, and escape with a sigh toward the door. But it is plain you do not yet thoroughly know the young man whom you despised. You flit nervously past the eighty-dollar underwear which first unsettled you, and glancing timidly around as you pass a case filled with canes you meet the smiling eye of the young man and it pins you. He hands you a beautiful cane with a Chinese head of oxidized silver and a queue braided of silver threads. Mechanically you raise it to the light and beg to know how much a dozen. But as you frame the question you push up the Chinaman's queue, and from the Chinaman's mouth a jet of cologne spray bursts forth and shoots into your right eye.

As you fly out into the cheap world once more, rubbing your eye, you look fondly at your handsome trousers, wondering how much they would be worth with the light shining through them, and contentedly wipe the tears from your eyes with the handkerchief that came at the rate of nine dollars and thirty cents a dozen.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Oregon salmon canning business was started at the suggestion of George Francis Train, in a humorous speech delivered at Portland.—*Chicago Herald.*

A PROFITABLE ANECDOTE.

How an English Farmer Managed to Provide Dowries for His Daughters.

They tell in England a profitable anecdote about Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, who was an eminent agriculturist and breeder of stock. He was also regarded as a very wise and shrewd man, and his neighbors were in the habit of resorting to him for counsel and advice. On one occasion an old friend went to pay him a visit for the purpose of explaining to him his position, and at the same time begging him that he would recommend him what to do. He had lived all his life upon his own farm of one thousand acres; he lived very well, but he had never saved a shilling. He had three daughters, and the eldest was about to be married. He highly approved of the match, but the intended husband expected some portion, and he had nothing to give him. Should he mortgage his estate, or what should he do? Mr. Bakewell begged him to spend the night with him, and promised, the next morning, to give the result of his cogitations. Accordingly, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, Bakewell said: "I have made up my mind what you ought to do; give your son-in-law one-fourth of the farm, keep the remaining three-fourths, and do not part with any portion of your capital and stock, and work the remaining three-fourths with it. Do it better than you have hitherto done, and your income will be rather increased than diminished." His friend followed his advice, but at the end of two or three years another daughter would be married, and the perplexed father again resorted to his friend Bakewell for advice under this new difficulty. Bakewell coolly said he had watched his proceedings and seen their results; he must do in this case as he had done before; he must give up another fourth of his farm, and keep the original capital and stock. The father seemed somewhat puzzled, but as the first experiment had succeeded, he determined to try it in this case also. Last of all the youngest daughter was to be married, and, in utter despair, the poor father paid another visit to Dishley to explain his perplexity. "Well," said Bakewell, "tell me honestly whether your income has diminished by having your farm reduced one-half?" The father acknowledged he thought it had not. "Then," said Bakewell, "you must give up another fourth of your farm, and keep the remaining two hundred and fifty acres for yourself, and, to tell you the truth, you will then have just such a farm as your stock, your capital and your head are fit for, and will be a better and happier man than ever." Old Bakewell used to tell this story with great glee, and declared his friend left as much stock and capital upon the two hundred and fifty acres as he ever had upon the one thousand, and, as he believed, made a better income out of it. —*American Cultivator.*

UNDER-SKIRTS.

The Most Popular Styles for Cold Weather Wear.

Black under-skirts to wear next the dress will be as generally used this winter as black stockings. Colored skirts are shown, especially dark red and blue skirts, but two-thirds of those seen in the shops are black. These come in all qualities from the cloth, alpaca and farmer's satin skirts up to those of black satin with flounces of black wool lace or of the silk Spanish laces; the latter are furnished with a pad bustle and steels, and do away with the necessity of adding these to each dress; but plainer skirts are simply gored to the figure in front and on the sides, with more fullness behind, and are finished at the foot with quilling. There is a decided fancy for the old-fashioned quilted skirts such as our grandmothers wore, and such as are still worn in very cold climates. The economist makes these of black farmer's satin, and puts quilting only across the lower end, to protect the limbs from the knees to the ankles; this quilted border is made of black satin lightly wadded and neatly quilted in waved or diagonal rows, then bound on the end with wide black velvet ribbon. Black alpaca is used in the same way, and, to make it warm enough, is lined with red flannel and covered about one-third its length from the foot up with quilted black satin. Black cloth skirts with wide quilted satin border are liked because the quilted part supports the lower part of the skirt nicely, while the warm cloth clings closely to the upper part of the limbs. Entire skirts of black satin without wadding or quilting, finished with a neatly plaited flounce at the foot, are shown merely as Balmoral petticoats, while others are quilted one-third or half way to the waist, and still others are quilted all their length, yet are light, because stuffed with cider-down. Striped wool stuffs made of the waste of fine wools are woven in stiff poplin-like reps on purpose for petticoats, and are made up in lengthwise stripes or in cross stripes as the wearer chooses. For trousseaux are imported pale blue and pink satin skirts with steels and a pad bustle set in them, and flounces of fine white mohair lace.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Roman Race Course in France.

Archæological research has recently revealed in the neighborhood of Nantes the existence of a race course of presumably Roman origin. The foundations of the hippodrome occupy an area of about 223 by 174 meters. Further discovery has been made in the vicinity of an ancient roadway leading to the Loire, near the banks of which river traces of a number of villas prove the existence of a buried city, inasmuch as a theater capable of accommodating 4,000 persons has been brought to the light of day. A quantity of ornaments, jewels and pottery has been recovered among the ruins. Thus far the absence of coins has frustrated the endeavors of savants engaged in unearthing the relics to establish the epoch of this most recently found city of the Roman occupation.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Where was time raised? In the lapse of ages.

A VARIED EXISTENCE.

First a Boat, Then a Fish, Then a Larger Boat, Then a Sail and Then a Bird.

A riddle has been devised by Mr. J. G. Wood, the naturalist, who confesses that he believes the sphinx might have lived some two thousand years longer had she propounded this, instead of her own rather simple question. His query runs thus: "What animal is that which is first a boat, then a fish, then a larger boat, then a sail and then a bird?" How many of us could guess, on the spur of the moment, or even after deliberation, that it means a gnat?

The tiny insect is a native of the water during the early stages of its existence, and only seeks the air and land when it attains its wings. The eggs of the gnat are destined to float on the water, in order to be hatched, but as they are very small, they would be liable to destruction if they were simply placed there at random, and then left alone. Therefore the female, when about to deposit them, stations herself on a floating leaf, or other convenient support, clinging to it by her fore legs, and stretching the hind legs as far as possible over the water, and crossing them at their extremities.

By means of these slender hind legs, she guides the eggs in the direction they should take, arranging them finally in the form of a boat, and fastening them together with a peculiar waterproof secretion.

In a short time after the eggs have been laid the young gnats within them are so developed by the warmth of the sun that they force out the lower end of their shells, drop into the water, and swim away.

The future gnat now corresponds to the caterpillar of the moth or butterfly, and is called a larva. During this state, it changes its skin several times. Before the last moult, it seems to be in a dying condition; it does not swim about, but remains at the surface of the water, where, presently, its skin bursts, and the pupa issues.

The little creature now never dives, except when alarmed, but merely floats near the surface of the water, obtaining its air supply by means of two little horns communicating with the atmosphere. The most noticeable alteration which has taken place in it, since the larva state, is the enlargement of the upper part of the body; and if this portion be examined under the microscope there will be found within it, closely packed together, the wings, legs, head, beautiful feathered antennæ, and the complicated mouth organs belonging to the mature gnat.

After a short time passed in this stage, the pupa, remaining perfectly still, takes several deep inspirations, thus swelling the body of the enclosed gnat, which is by this time quite separated from the pupal envelope.

The skin cracks, the gnat emerges, and supports himself upon his discarded covering, until his wings are dried sufficiently to take to the air. As the pupal skin on which he rests is so dried as to be a mere shell, he may be said, for the second time in his life, to act as a tiny boatman. Presently, however, he is up and away, to begin a new phase of existence as a perfect winged insect.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PARISIAN SYMBOL.

The Original of the Coney Island Elephantine Dining Parlor.

The huge structure of wood and iron which an American speculator has constructed in the shape of an elephant on Coney Island is said to be attracting vast numbers of sight-seers; and the capacious dining-rooms are daily filled with crowds for whom the novelty of dining in the interior of a colossus adds, perhaps, a relish to the meal. The monstrous structure stands as high as the Vendome Column, and Jumbo himself could have passed as easily between its legs as an ordinary spaniel could have walked between Jumbo's. The idea is less original than most of those we owe to American ingenuity. The great Napoleon erected a similar structure in Paris, an account of which is to be found in the sixth chapter of "Les Miserables." Napoleon's elephant, which was only some forty feet in height, and was, therefore, a pigmy in comparison with Mr. Kirby's, was still standing, though in a ruinous condition, in 1832; and it was not till the erection of the Bastile Column in its immediate neighborhood that the last vestiges of it were swept away. The Coney Island elephant is a commercial enterprise; the French colossus, which Hugo calls a "dream of genius," was not designed to subserve any more useful purpose than that of symbolizing the people.—*St. James' Gazette.*

RANDOLPH'S SARCASM.

How He Silenced a Young Man Who Tried to "Do Him Up."

On the death of a certain Senator, his place was filled by a young man with more courage than judgment. He determined to do up the "Bald Eagle of the American Congress," and in his "maiden speech" proceeded to carry out his intention. The House listened, amazed, and waited in eager expectation that Randolph would rise and with his formidable forefinger and withering wit demolish the young aspirant for oratorical honors. But nothing of the kind occurred. Randolph of Roanoke kept on writing, making no sign that he even heard the speech. A few days after, however, resolutions were passed on the death of the late Senator. Randolph rose and said that the House had met to eulogize and pass resolutions of respect upon the late great Senator from ——, "whose seat," he added, pointing to where his successor sat, "is still vacant!" This is all the notice he ever took of the young man who had attempted to "do up old Randolph."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

—A clerk in the Pension Office died at Washington the other day, and it was then discovered that he was engaged to two prominent society ladies. One was a Washington heiress, from whom he had borrowed money without giving notes. He willed all his property to the other girl.—*Washington Star*

NEW REFRIGERATOR.

A Car That Promises to Revolutionize Fruit and Meat Shipping.

A number of Sacramentans had an opportunity of examining a new system of preserving fresh fruits and vegetables during the transit across the continent. The principles involved may be briefly explained as follows: The researches of Tyndall and other scientists have demonstrated that the decay of organic matter is due to bacteria, and that warmth and moisture are conditions peculiarly favorable to their development. For instance, the ordinary refrigerator car, with its quantities of ice, produces a great deal of moisture, and in order to counteract its effects the temperature must be kept down to about freezing point. The regular fruit car is but a shell, allowing ventilation and giving access to outside air, and it is the sad experience of shippers that one very hot day in transit will often ruin the greater part of a shipment. The new car referred to proposes to do away with both objections by allowing no access whatever to outside air, preserving a uniform temperature throughout the car and a free circulation of very dry, cold air.

The car itself is an ordinary insulated refrigerator car, which is closed at the beginning of the trip and not opened until the perishable goods reach their destination. The car weighs 28,000 pounds, some 8,000 pounds more than the shell fruit car, but considerably less than the ordinary refrigerator car with its load of ice. In one end of it is the machinery for regulating the temperature, occupying just four feet, so that in available space, too, it has an advantage over the refrigerator car. A long pipe punctured with many holes runs along the car at the top, and back into the machinery end where a small fan supplies suction to draw the air from the car into the pipe and it is then carried down, passed among pipes containing the cooling fluid and thrown in upon the fruits and meats again. All moisture clings to the cooling pipes and the air circulating is kept dry and cool.

The cooling liquid is made of alcohol and muriatic acid, and is known as chloride of ethyl. It is a neutral fluid, possessing neither the corrosive qualities of the acid nor the inflammability of alcohol. It boils at 52 degrees Fahrenheit, and the *Bee* representative had the curious sensation of seeing some of it boil in the palm of his hand. The simple evaporation of drops of the liquid upon the bulb of a thermometer forced the mercury down to 10 degrees below zero. The chief advantage of this liquid over the ammoniacal fluids usually used in refrigerating apparatuses lies in the fact that it only requires a pressure of 15 to 25 pounds to the square inch to transform it into vapor, while ammonia requires 150 to 250 pounds. This chloride of ethyl in passing through a labyrinth of pipes is vaporized and allowed to condense again, thus producing the degree of cold required. The power is taken from the axle of the car, and several ingenious devices are resorted to, to counteract the pulling and jumping of the car, and again to obtain the exact degree of power required, no matter at what speed the car moves.

In practice one man can manage an entire train of fifteen of these cars, and by means of levers and attachments on top of the cars keep the temperature regular by regulating the speed of the machinery inside. This particular car brought through a lot of meats from Chicago in excellent condition, and where ordinary refrigerators were compelled to keep the temperature at 30 deg. lest the meat should spoil, under this system it is kept for four or six days at 45 deg. and comes through in better shape, while the woodwork of the car remains as dry as a chip. It is claimed that this system will revolutionize fruit shipments, as it will land fruits in Chicago and New York without decay and almost in the condition in which they leave here. The cost of the machinery is so small—not to exceed four hundred dollars a car—and the running expenses so light that it is believed by the patentee that any slight excess in charges over that paid for ordinary fruit cars will be returned many fold to the shipper in the fruit preserved from decay. There are many interesting minor details connected with the working of the simple but very ingenious machinery to which we have not space to refer.—*Sacramento Bee.*

LIME IN AGRICULTURE.

Its Excellency as a Fertilizing Agent Demonstrated in France.

Lime is a specially valuable agent in the French mode of farming. Inquiries have been instituted to poll, as it were, French agriculturists as to their views on that substance. Their replies have been summarized, as bearing on the physical and chemical action of lime on soils. The explications of science are not quite satisfactory so far. Added to clay lands lime opens and renders them more friable, permitting in dry seasons the moisture to ascend and bathe the parched soil, while preventing fissures and all caking. Chemically, lime induces decay in organic matters difficult to be decomposed, transforming them into assimilable food. Perhaps it facilitates the limitation of potash in clays. In the form of carbonate it favors the process of nitrification, but not so powerfully as in the sulphate state. Quick-lime acts contrarily. A mixture of lime and manure is held by very many to be inimical, as it expels ammonia. But some remembering that azote exists in three states in manure, and in that primarily of assimilable nitric acid, whose formation lime promotes, such a gain is not to be ignored. Again, lime, according to competent authorities, renders also phosphoric acid assimilable. Swiss scientists hold lime as necessary in the soil to induce the action of potash. On peaty land lime corrects acidity; in this case it should be applied in the quick form. For meadow top-dressing lime must ever be applied in the compost state. If farmyard manure be added the earth and lime ingredients are mixed apart some time previously. The pasturages of Normandy attest the excellency of this fertilizing agent. In the case of tired land lime should be applied in small and repeated doses.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

"DEM WHITE WIMMINS."

Why a Colored Domestic Declares Them to be Unreliable and Deceitful.

Mrs. Yerger advertised for a colored sarvant, and Matilda Jackson, fresh from the cotton fields, applied for the position.

"So you want to hire out, do you?"

"Yes, mum."

"I'll give you ten dollars a month to do the cooking, washing and ironing."

"Dat's mighty little money for a heap of hard work," replied Matilda.

"Well, I'll give you ten dollars a month and clothe you."

"G'way! You-se jokin."

"No, I am not. I'll agree to clothe you. You will not have to clothe yourself at all."

"Dat's de bes' offer I'se had in a long time. You is a lady, you is. You treats de cullud folks like dey was somebody, you does."

Matilda went to work that afternoon. Her work was done very well, and Mrs. Yerger thought she had a treasure.

Before Matilda retired for the night Mrs. Yerger said to her:

"Matilda, we will want breakfast on the table by seven o'clock."

"All right, mum."

Next morning Colonel Yerger said to his wife:

"I don't hear that new darkey making any fuss in the kitchen. I don't believe she's up yet, and it is past seven o'clock already."

"I'll go and see what is the matter with her. Perhaps she is sick," said Mrs. Yerger, dressing herself hastily, and going to the door of the servant's room, she knocked loudly at the door.

"Who's dar?" said Matilda.

"I am here," replied Mrs. Yerger.

"Come right in, mum. I'se been waitin' for ye foah de las' hour."

Mrs. Yerger did so, and discovered that Matilda had not yet spurned the drowsy couch.

"Why didn't you get up long ago and cook breakfast? It's past seven o'clock," said Mrs. Yerger, indignantly.

"I done tole yer why I didn't get up."

"No you didn't."

"Yes I did. I tole yer I was waitin' fer you ter come in heah and keep yer promise."

"What promise?"

"Yer promised me ten dollars a mumf, and ter clofe me. What's de use of me gittin' out of bed ef you ain't heah ter put de clofes on me pusson. I'se been ready ter be dressed for de last hour. Dar's my clofes on de char by de windy."

Matilda put on her own clothes that morning, and as she shook the dust of the Yerger mansion off her large and generous feet, she was heard to say:

"Dat's de way all dem white wimmins is. Dey promise yer and promise yer, but when hit comes ter keeping dar promises dey ain't dar."—*Texas Siftings.*

MEN'S JEWELS.

Moonstone Buttons, Smooth Watch-Cases, Short Chains and Intaglio Rings.

The extreme fashion in gentlemen's attire demands that the broad expanse of white exposed by the low cut evening dress be furnished either by a plaited shirt bosom or one of pique embroidered in dots. Naturally these elaborate fronts call for more than one stud, hence three studs are again the correct style for evening dress. With this increased demand have come some changes in the fashion of the studs themselves, the very newest style being represented by moonstone buttons set in slender gold rims. Very æsthetical young men are permitted to have a choice between white pearl and pink pearl studs.

The very newest thing in watches for gentlemen is a medium-sized watch in a perfectly smooth gold case of bright finish. These new watches are not only diminished in size as regards their circumference, but are as flat as is compatible with the works inside, hence they are of exceedingly convenient form to carry. As has been intimated the cases are devoid of decoration, indeed, do not even indicate the locality of the hinges, but present an unbroken smooth surface.

The short vest chain, either of gold or gold and platinum, very light and unobtrusive in effect, is patronized more largely by gentlemen than is any other sort; in a word, is considered by ultra-fashionables as quite the correct thing. The Charles Dickens or double chain, however, remains a favorite with many who find it too convenient and useful to put aside for other patterns.

Gentlemen are wearing fine intaglio rings, and occasionally one sees a ring with a suitable antique coin in antique setting. A ring popular among those who wear gems is a head of carved or nugget finished gold with a gem imbedded in it.—*Jeweler's Circular*

The Birth of an Iceberg.

The berth of a huge iceberg, a phenomenon that has been seen only once or twice by a European, and to a certain extent has remained a matter of theory, was observed by the Danish explorers on the east coast of Greenland last summer. The bergs are formed by breaking off from the end of glaciers extending from the perpetual ice of the unexplored interior to the coast and into the sea. The water buoys up the sea end of the glacier until it breaks by its own weight with a noise that sounds like loud thunder far away. The commotion of the water as the iceberg turns over and over in the effort to attain its balance is felt to a great distance along the coast. The natives regard it as the work of evil spirits, and that to look upon the glacier in its throes is death. The Danish officers, when observing the breaking off of the end of the great glacier Puissortok through their telescopes, were roughly ordered by their Esquimaux escort, usually submissive enough, to follow their example and turn their backs on the interesting scene. They had happily completed their observations, and avoided an embarrassing conflict with their crew by a seeming compliance with the order.—*Boston Transcript.*